

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We went wandering down through the woods—
In the evening—Alice and I.
How slowly before me that mystery sounds,
From the old trees long gone by!

We walked our way through the tangled wood,
Where the blackthornes glimmered white,
Until close by the blossoms we stood.
Where the snow-bells hung bright.
All the leaves would were silent overhead;
There was never a bumble-bee to quiver.
The hawks hooted and the ravens red,
As they hung above the trees.
The gold leaves that hung on the gray rock's
side.

Where only the moan could grow,
And the dark-green ferns driving into the tide,
Lived again in the stream below.

And the birds—the berries bore a crown
For her glowing golden-bright hair;
And the firs from the bank looked laughing
down.
At the fire in the water there;

As if one of the wood-symphys of olden days
Had stepped to the river-side,
To greet with her smiling and wandering gaze
A water-sprite under the tide.

Cold in her grave lies Alice now;
By the ocean I stand alone;
And one cold look from her dead white brow,
Is the deepest thing I own.

OSWALD GRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
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"The Mystery," etc., etc.

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PART XLV.

HARD TRAGE FOR DICK.

Do you remember the severe weather of the Christmas of 1860? How for once we had an old-fashioned Christmas Day, when the icicles hung bright and frozen from the trees, and the ponds were alive with skating, after the manner of the Christmases we read of, of the days gone by. It was indeed a bitter winter, that at the close of 1860, and an unusual number of the poor and friendless, the sick and ailing, passed from its biting sharpness to a better world.

In the mind of one, it almost seemed as though he had held some mysterious provision of it; and that was Oswald Gray. When discussing the previous summer, whether he should go to Spain himself, time and again had the thought occurred to him—what if we have a sharp winter?—how will Alice weather it? And now that the sharp winter, more terribly sharp than even Oswald dreamt of, had indeed come, he was thankful to have sacrificed his own self-interest. In that more southern climate, Alice would not feel the cold of this; and it almost seemed as if the thought alone brought to Oswald his reward.

"Isn't it stunning, Aunt Bett?"

You will probably recognize the words as likely to emanate from nobody's lips but Mr. Dick Davernal's. Mr. Dick had arrived for the holidays; rather against the inclination as well as the judgment of Miss Bettina, but she did not see her way in courtesy to exclude him. Loyal had been in town with her since October, and she had nursed him; so it would have been unkind to keep Dick at school alone for the holidays. Miss Bettina said London was a bad place for Dick; he would be getting out, and into all sorts of mischief; perhaps get run over, perhaps get lost; it was uncertain what; but then, in her love for the boy, promised to keep him in order and out of harm. A rash undertaking.

What of the Great Wheel Bang? The Great Wheel Bang was gone forever? It had passed out ignobly, never probably to be heard of as a name again, except in name at certain law courts, to which some of its angry shareholders persisted in bringing it. Mr. Barker was abroad, and did not come home to face the storm; it appeared there was no law to force him home, the master of the Wheel Bang escaped that; and he carried on a free-and-easy correspondence with some of the exasperated shareholders, who told him to his face in their answer that he deserved hanging.

And Mark Gray? Mark Gray was nowhere. The defunct company did their best to find him, but, try as they would, they could not discover his hiding-place. They assumed he was out of the country, most probably with Barker, and perhaps his home search was, through that very assumption, less minute than it might have been. A run from danger is always more formidable than a fixed one; and if Mark Gray had only faced those shareholders he would no doubt have found their bite less hurtful than their bark. That they were loud, and threatening, and angry, was true; but Mark would have done well to meet the worst, and get it over. The haughty house in Grosvenor Place had been long ago abandoned by Mark and his wife; and so temporarily had it been lived in, as finding had been the enjoyment of the carriage, the servants, the society, and all the rest of the accessories, that altogether that time seemed only like a dream.

"Isn't it stunning, Aunt Bett?"

Dick was standing at the dining-room window, his sparkling eyes devouring the ice in the streets, the tempting slides in the gutters. A young gentleman who was coming to the house with a small tray of meat upon his back had just gone down one beautifully, and Dick lunged to go behind him. Lee stopped to the window to look, and thought he should like it too; but Lee was not in strong health, as Dick was.

"Isn't it what?" asked Aunt Bett, looking up quickly. "Smiling?"

"I wish you would know to speak like a gentleman, Richard, and not use those expressions. If they do for school, they don't do for home."

"I have been telling my class this morning," continued Dick. "They are rather short, but they'll do."

"Giving what?"

"My class."

"What class?"

"History, Aunt Bett. Everything will bear to-day."

"Nothing burns in London," said Miss Bettina. "You must not try it, Richard. A great many boys are drowned every winter in the fountains."

"What would they want to?" returned Dick. "Aunt Bett, the ponds would freeze over, if you'd put on a pair of skates and try. They'd have a hundred times over."

"Would they?" said Miss Bettina. She turned to him, who was busy at the table, and pointed with her finger to indicate Dick.

"I will not have him go into this danger. Do you have, Dick? You undertake to keep him out of him if he comes to us, as we to it. Perhaps the best plan will be to lock up his chest. I don't care to have him brought home drowned."

Dick was nervous. He might have broken into open rebellion but for fear of being cast out to enjoy his holidays at school. He sat in a sudden sort of mood, on the edge of a chair, his hands in his pockets clutching their contents about, and his boots beating time restlessly on the carpet.

"How it's all altered!" he exclaimed.

"How is what altered?" inquired Mrs. They were alone now. Miss Bettina had gone from the room to give Leopold his eleven o'clock dose of strengthening medicine.

"Since Uncle Richard's time. Why? he taught me those very short last winter, when that frost came in November. That is, he used to say that I might have them. And then we had no more ice at all! and Uncle Richard kept wishing through the holidays there might be some for us! We'd have lots as then."

Miss Bettina was silent. Things had indeed altered since then.

"It's an awful chance of Aunt Bett! The ice seeming thick, and a fellow can't enjoy it! Down! She might get drowned herself perhaps. But I shouldn't. Uncle Richard would have let us skate in Hallington's" added Dick, execrably resentful. "He wanted us to skate."

"But I think it was a little different, Richard dear. Those ponds at Hallington were not deep; and people do get drowned in the fountains. And there's nobody to go with you."

Dick turned his head.

"Perhaps you think I want somebody! You had better send a nursemaid. Fine holidays, then!"

A few minutes more of sitting still, and Dick could stand it no longer. He darted into the passage and snatched his cap. Sure, quick as he, caught him with the street-door in his hand.

"Dick, it must not be. You know I have answered for you to Aunt Bettina."

"All right, Mrs. I am not going near the fountains, or any other deep water."

"You promise?"

"Yes; on my honor. There! Why, I have not got my skates. I'm going up and down the street-sides; that's all. You can't expect me to sit twirling my thumbs all day in Aunt Bett's parlor, as Leo does."

She had no fear then. If Dick once gave his honor, or if put upon his honor, he could but be a loyal knight. Left to himself, no promise extorted from him, he would have despatched right off to the Serpentine, or to anything else mischievous and dangerous; but not now.

But Dick "took it out"—the words were his own—street-sides. All the most attractive residence within a few miles of home, Mr. Dick exercised his legs upon. It required a terrible amount of resolution to keep his promise, not to "go near" the forbidden water; and how long Dick stood in envy, his nose frozen to the park railings as he watched the streams pouring towards the ice, he never knew. He was not in a good humor; the slides were very ignoble pastime indeed, only fit for street-boys; and he thought if there was one gentleman more ill-used than another that day in all Her Majesty's dominions, that one was himself.

Mr. Dick stopped out his own time. He knew that he would be expected home about one o'clock to have something to eat; but as nothing had been expressly said to him, he took rather a savage pleasure in letting them expect, punishing his hunger. He saw a man selling hot potato; and he bought three and ate them, skins and all. Dick was not in the least troubled with pustules; Leo would have looked askance at the tempting edible, and passed on the other side; Dick danced round the man's machine while he feasted, in the face and eyes of the passers-by. If Miss Davernal had but seen him!

Altogether, that with the slides, the hot potato, and the temper, Mr. Richard Davernal remained out long after dark. When he began to think it might be as well to return home, and to feel as if fifteen wolves were inside him fighting for their dinner, he was in some obscure and remote region of Chelsea, where the population was more crowded than aristocratic, and the ice abundant. Happening to cast his eyes to a clock in a baker's shop, he saw that it wanted but twenty-five minutes to six.

"Do you live here, Caroline?"

"Yes. We went away in the country for a little time at first; but it was so out of the way of hearing anything, so dull, so wretched, that we came back again. Mark thought it would be better to come pretty near to the old neighborhood; that there was less chance of our being locked for those than elsewhere."

"You don't have all the house."

"All the house!" echoed Caroline. "We only have this room and the use of the kitchen, which I hardly ever go down to. That sofa is a bed," she added, pointing to it. "Mark draws it out at night."

Dick felt more at ease than ever. "Has Mark got no money?"

Caroline shook her head. "There's a little left; not much. We did not save a thing from Grosvenor Place. People came in and took possession, and I got frightened and left it. Afterwards, when my clothes were asked for, they sent me a bundle of the poorest I had, and said those were all. I don't know whether it was that they kept the best, or that the maid servants helped themselves to them. Dick!" she passionately added, "I'd rather die than have to hear all this."

"Do you have to go out and buy the meat?" questioned Dick, unable to get the practical part he had soon out of his head.

"There's a boy that waits on the lodgers, the landlady's son, and he goes on errands sometimes. Mark thought we should be safer in a house like this, where there are different lodgers, and one does not interfere with the corners of the others; that we should be less likely to attract notice. In truth, we were afraid to venture on a better place, lest persons might recognize us."

"Afraid of what?" questioned Dick.

"I'm sure I hardly know," she answered. "Of being arrested, I suppose."

"I say, does Mark know you are here?"

Caroline shook her head. "I have written her a note twice, saying we are safe; but Mark would not let me give the address. Aunt Bettina has shaken us off, there's no doubt; she'll never forgive Mark."

"Forgive him for what?"

"Oh, absences," returned Caroline with a twinkle of impudence. "There was the house in Hallington, and Mark's money, and other things."

"Where is Mark?" continued Dick.

"He won't be long. He goes out a little after dark, but he does not care to venture much by daylight. And so, we are up for the holidays, I suppose."

through the intervening stones; and he plucked himself to see whether he was awake. For that was the date of his cousin, Miss Gray.

Dick could not believe his cousin. The shopman opposite decided that the suspicion was a good one, and it in his life, and she had left the shop, where Dick recovered his bewilderment. He had saved his and Miss Gray were alone. There was a shrewd boy like Dick. It was impossible to guess the secret that something was wrong; besides, he had heard of the failure of the Great Wheel Bang and that its promoters were many, blamed or otherwise.

But Dick was surely Caroline came out of the room with the paper of meat in her hand! Dick's eyes went down to her. However he might consider as the possessor of bad taste, and outside story, he did not like to see Caroline buy cooked meat and carry it away with her. Dick knew that something or other must be all wrong, and he suddenly felt as if he had lost his soul.

He crossed the road and went down a by-street, where the lights were fewer, and the houses poorer. Dick followed her. He saw her lightly for one or two steps over her face; and she walked with her head down; it might be to keep out the cold, or to avoid observation.

He turned into a house on the left-hand side whose door stood open; a shabby-looking house, but sufficiently large. Dick, hardly certain in his own mind, considered whether he should follow her and shake himself; and when he at length went to the door nobody was in sight. He took courage and knocked; and a woman came out of the parlor on the right.

"Is Mrs. Gray here?" asked Dick.

"Mrs. who?"

"Mrs. Gray. She's just gone in."

"There's nobody here of that name. Who's Mrs. Gray? You have mistook the house, young man."

Dick had his wit about him, so the saying runs, and they were sufficiently alert to prevent his entering on the point of its being Mrs. Gray.

"I'm sure I saw some lady come in," said he.

Mrs. Marks came in a minute ago, for I met her in the passage. First floor, if you want her."

"Can I go up?" asked Dick.

"That's as you please," returned the woman, who was crusty enough to be first gentle to Mrs. Gray. "I'm sure I saw some lady come in," said he.

Mrs. Marks came in a minute ago, for I met her in the passage. First floor, if you want her."

"I don't know," said Dick. "Mark says something will be sure to turn up."

"I say, do they know about this in Barbados?"

"Not from me. I scarcely know any of them," said he.

"Not from me. I scarcely know any of them," said he.

"She's deaf. And she's getting a regular old woman. What do you think? She's not let me go out skating this morning, for fear—"

"A gentleman entered, and out Dick's revelations went short. The boy looked at him in puzzled wonder, for he thought he knew him, and yet did not. It was a full minute before Dick recognized him for Mark Gray.

Formerly Mark had whiskers and no mustache; now he had a mustache and no whiskers, and his beard was growing and his face looked jollier. He had on blue spectacles too. Alas! he was hardly certain.

Caroline gave a short scream. She was untying her bonnet, and the paper of meat, slowly unfolding itself, lay on the table. It was a plain sitting-room, carpeted with drapery, draped with a large sofa covered with dark blue cloth seeming to take up one side of it. A white cloth was spread over the table with some tea cups and saucers, a loaf of bread, and a piece of butter.

But Dick declined. And nobody perhaps would have given carless Dick credit for the true motive, or for the real self-delusion that it was to a hungry boy. He had somehow drawn a conclusion that Mr. and Mrs. Gray had not too much meat for themselves, and he would not leave.

"I can't stay now," he said, rising. "I shall have Aunt Bettina at me as it is. Good night, Mrs. Gray; good night, Caroline."

Mr. Gray followed him down the stairs. "You must be very cautious not to say to me what you found us here," he said. "Can we depend upon you?"

"As if you couldn't," returned Dick. "I know a fellow at school has got a big brother, and he has to be in hiding nine months at least out of every year. I'll tell nobody but you."

He vaulted off, or perhaps Mark Gray's injunction might have been extended to Sare in particular. When he reached home, Miss Bettina, who had believed nothing less but that he was drowned, and had sent Neal to a circuit of police stations, met him in the corridor, followed by Sare and Lee.

"You ungrateful boy! Where have you been?"

"Don't, Aunt Bettina! No need to scold hold of me in that way. I have only been sliding. I haven't been to the water."

"You shall go back to school to-morrow," said Miss Bettina, as she turned into the dining-room.

Dick caught his cousin by the arm. "You off after Aunt Bettina, Lee, I want to speak to Sare. I say," he continued in a whisper, as Lee obeyed him, "I have seen Caroline and Mark Gray."

"Nonetheless, Dick! why did you stay out so long?"

"I have. I should have been in earlier but for that. Frightened! How stupid you must be! As if I couldn't take care of myself. I saw Caroline in a beef and pudding shop, buying cold meat, and I watched where she went to, and I've been there for half an hour, and I saw Mark! He has shaved off his whiskers, and he's—"

"Hush!" breathed Sare, as Dorcas came up the stairs. "You must tell me later."

Dick nodded. "Aunt Bett wouldn't have us go without her, and she sent for him, and he went away, and she sent for him again. I say, what's the secret of her not having him back?"

Dick's remembrance came Caroline of somebody else who would not have them in the country—where blame was not small! Probably not. Caroline had name only for her own spirit. Since the falling of the house she had existed in a state of bewilderment.

THE OLD BLUE COAT.

BY BISHOP BURGESS, OF MAINE.

You asked me little one, why I bowed,
Through whom I passed the sun before?
Because my heart was full and poor;
When I saw the old blue coat he wore;
The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I know not, I what reason he chose,
What else he followed, what hedge he won;
Brought that, in the front of me;
His country's blue general he wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He might have no child to read or write,
Or he might be sick iniformed here;
But I know he could make his mark in life,
And soldier given no soldier care;
The blue great-coat, etc.

It may be he could plow and plow,
And perhaps 'tis his mind he wanted and over;
But I would not guess a word as fool
On the battlefield could be heavily worn;

The blue great-coat, etc.

He had worn it long, and borne it far;
And perhaps on the red Virginia shore,
From morn till all the day was over;
That were great-coat the enemy wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Perhaps in the revenge was a bad fit for,
From the seven days' hunting and marching
On with Journey and Pope, 'mid the steady
As the right stood in, that cost he worse;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Or when right over as Jackson dashed,
That cedar or cypress bullet tore;
Or when far ahead Antietam dashed,
He sang to the ground the host that he won;
The blue great-coat, etc.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar;
Or saw with Grant the undivided waves
Where conquering hosts the blue coat wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

That garb of honor talk enough,
Through I its story gosses no more;
The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
That coat is mail which that soldier wore;
The blue great-coat, etc.

He may hang it up when the peace shall come,
And the motto may find it behind the door;
But his children will point when they hear a drum
To the proud old coat their father wore,
The blue great-coat, etc.

And so, my child, will you and I,
For whose fair bane their blood they pour,
Still bow the head, as one goes by;
Who wears the coat that soldier wore;

The blue great-coat, etc.

The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
The old blue coat the soldier wore.

MADAME LAURA.

A TALE OF SWEDEN.

Christina of Sweden, only child and successor to Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and right arm, as he was called, of the Protestant faith, assumed the throne of her ancestors at a very early age. She was a woman of considerable talents, but more remarkable for energy of character and an indomitable will; qualities which she inherited from her father, and which her position, as the uncontrolled head of an almost absolute monarchy, nurtured into more than masculine strength. Her willfulness always displayed itself in a rash, though sometimes in a generous way; and in one of her fits of the latter kind, ere she advanced far in life, she formally resigned her crown, for the good, she imagined, of her people. The sacrifice was soon repented of, but too late for retrieval, and she spent her latter days in retirement. It was this extraordinary woman's leading wish, when on the throne, to be compared to Elizabeth of England, and she imitated that princess even in her cold-hearted and unworthy coquetry. Hereby hangs the tale we have to tell.

The young Queen of Sweden gave a magnificent fete or masquerade in her palace at Stockholm. This fete had a peculiar character, and one which desribed its splendor and attractions, while exhibiting at the same time the ruling fable of the heroes of the north. Christina wished for one night, to have the pleasure of openly and expressly bearing the character of the English princess, and to repute around her all that was brilliant and distinguished at the court of her model. For this purpose she gave orders that her own courtiers should assume for the time the characters of the various men of note in Elizabeth's reign, and in particular cause she conferred on individuals the honor of assigning to them the parts they were to play. This was rather a delicate point, it must be remembered; for such parts as those of Essex and Leicester had a significance attached to them which could not escape remark. Any old statesman might play Burleigh, as easily as done in Mr. Puff's drama; but no common man dare assume the character of either of the two noblemen before mentioned. A modest aspirant for royal favor, more than one courtier did appear in the guise of Sir Walter Raleigh on this brilliant evening. The Swedish Queen was delighted with the result of her project. A strict etiquette had been established for the regulation of costume, and in order to give a better rule of guidance in this particular, Christina had been at the pains to send for portraits of all the principal personages to be represented. Thus the verisimilitude of the scene was perfect.

Among the individuals who attracted most interest on this occasion, by their appearance and manners, were a young cavalier and an elegant woman, who kept much beside one another during the evening. They were both distinguished for the high-bred ease and grace of their movements, and this circumstance alone, independently of the language in which they spoke to each other, might have served to mark them as foreigners. They were both indeed from France. They seemed to be on the most confidential terms; but there was one notable point of dissimilarity apparent between them. The lady seemed willing and even desirous to show herself openly in the crowd, whereas her companion evidently sought to keep himself screened

as much out of the notice, eye, and, in particular, to avoid the notice of the Queen, as possible. His blue to place in a prominent company. Undoubtedly the young cavalier appeared to present in his dress a comparison to his wife on this particular evening, where they appeared in a formal costume, where they assumed the character of the English nobility.

"Ah," said the lady, "just as that little boy—what think you?"

"True! I do think now that the Queen wishes to make a comparison of him, by putting him in such a garb," said the gentleman in return.

"Lord Harcourt's representative," continued the lady, "has got the ring, at least—but nothing more."

"And, as you say, he resembles," said the Queen, "Madame Laura, herself." The young cavalier, it is said, was much vexed, and the gentleman is pleased to be known a "blue knight."

In such a style did the young cavalier and the lady find for one another's entertainment in the window room. At last, the lady, with an expression of melancholy, but with a tone of voice that betrayed more sorrow hidden in the exterior, said to her companion:—"Apropos—the Queen however—how do you like her?"

"The Queen?" repeated the cavalier in a low voice, looking around him a troubled glance.

"Yes," continued the lady, "she is the resemblance Elizabeth of England."

"Between us—just as much as Madame Laura resembles Maria Theresa of Austria?" was the youth's answer.

As the last words left his lips, he grew death-pale. His expression, however, seemed to enjoy the remark. "Admirable!" cried she, and concluded her sense of the joke which was conveyed to her by the words, with a hearty laugh.

But her mirth received a sudden shock, as her eye fell upon the personage who now stood in front of her and her companion.

"Who is this Madame Laura?" said the Queen Christina, for it was she herself who now appeared before the cavalier and the lady, having overthrown all that had passed.

At this question the cavalier, previously much agitated, was compelled to look on the window, but he recovered himself sufficiently to reply, though with an altered and faltering voice, to the Queen's interrogatory.

"Madame Laura, please your majesty, is a Parisian lady, who has the honor to resemble the Queen of France—both in dignity and beauty."

Christina looked upon the speaker with an air of doubt and indifference.

"Count d'Harcourt," said she, after a pause, biting her lip at the same time, "this is a trait of French gallantry for which the Queen of Sweden may thank you at some future period."

Nothing slightly and haphazard to the Countess's companion, Christina then turned away, and with mimetic steps moved to a spot where a band of courtiers were at the card-table. Meanwhile the whisper passed from tongue to tongue:—

"The Queen has spoken particularly to the young Frenchman; his fortune is made."

The object of their remarks, on the other hand, was at that moment according to himself. "I am ruined!—lost!" and taking leave of his former companion, almost without a word on either side, the Count d'Harcourt left the assembly.

Christina, after speaking as has been related, went directly to the ambassador of France, whom she drew aside from the crowd.

"I have a favor to ask of your excellency," said she, "under the seal of secrecy."

"Your majesty has but to speak," said the diplomatist, gravely, "and I shall be proud to obey you to the utmost of my power."

"I assure you," returned the Queen, "your power will not be severely taxed at present. It is but a trifling—bagatelle—that I am interested about just now; but I think you are the only person who can gratify my wish. I desire to know who and what a certain Parisian lady is, who bears the name of Madame Laura."

"Madame Laura—Madame Laura!" rejoined the ambassador, turning his eyes upon the ground.

"Yes, Madame Laura," said the Queen, impetuously; "does your excellency know her?"

Upon the diplomatist avowing that he never in his life had heard of such a lady, Christina tapped the ground restlessly with her foot, and appeared annoyed.

"Then your excellency," said she, at length, with an impious voice, "will have the goodness to favor me, by finding out the lady. Let me express my thanks for Paris this night, and return without a moment's delay, with full details respecting the character and position of Madame Laura."

The ambassador bowed respectfully, and retired to give immediate orders to a courier to proceed on this extraordinary mission.

It has been said that the Queen of Sweden imitated, or resembled Elizabeth, in her fashion of coqueting with some favored noble of her court. The person on whom, at the date of our story, the favor of Christina seemed to have fallen, was that young Frenchman who, exiled for political reasons from his own country, had come to Sweden in the hope of obtaining military service. The Queen received him with peculiar marks of distinction, gave him a commission in her life-guards, and conducted herself towards him, altogether, in such a manner as would have given even a very modest man reason to believe himself an object of marked regard. To a young man of twenty-five, bold and ambitious, such a conviction was likely to be flattering and seductive. We cannot say that it was not so in the case of the Count d'Harcourt, but whatever might be his dreams of ambition, his affections had lighted on another object than the sovereign of Sweden. This was the Baroness Helene, of Steinberg, a young and beautiful countrywoman of his own and the widow of a deceased Swedish noble. The baroness returned d'Harcourt's passion warmly, and the jealous eye of love soon advised her of the potent rival with whom she had to combat for his affection. On the occasion of the masked-ball, Christina had herself designed to suggest the character of Essex to the young Count d'Harcourt. The Baroness, when informed of the circumstance, saw its full significance, and was bold enough to venture on avowing the fact of the Queen by a covert allusion of the same practical kind. Finding a portrait of Lady Sydney, widow of Sir Philip, whom

she had privately made his Queen, the Baroness had assumed the character of that lady at the risk of giving offence. But the mortification of d'Harcourt to always consider of the Queen as his superior, and better his own, was such that it would have been for the years to come, if she had continued to pretend to be the Queen, to have caused him to give up his post to another. Christina, however, was too deeply interested in this affair to let go so easily.

The Queen had, however, made her departure.

The Year—on Saturday Evening.—The London Times—*"A Victory,"* summing up the results of Admiral Farragut's victory, says:

"We think the reader will admit that this is a most extraordinary battle, and, perhaps, the most wonderful part of it is the comparative impunity with which it appears that the vessels which can still escape an ironclad. It is difficult to conceive that the much mightier ironclads of the Tennessee had enough iron to pierce with shells instead of with rifle balls, which merely穿孔了 their sides, but it is also clear that 'impunity' cannot be said, as it was in Hampton Roads. It ships out only so much as to sink the ironclad. When descended the Congress and the Consul, who said they were more sailing vessels; and could not own the shock, whereas Farragut's vessel, by all of their arrows, escaped fatal damage, and at last being forced to run, actually beat their great antagonist at his own propulsive game. In fact, the Tennessee was literally beaten into submission. Her crew were knocked off their feet every five minutes, and were incapable fit for fighting, though their ship was substantially unbroken. Finally what are we to think either of Confederate plotting or Federal guns when such ordinary pieces fail to produce any effect on armor at ranges measured, not by yards, but by feet or even inches? These are questions which will be asked with considerable interest, and the battle in Mobile Bay will, perhaps, add one more lesson to those which my have received from the American war."

Washington Daily Star.

WHICH THEY PREFER.—It is a remarkable fact connected with the alleged unanimity which prevails in the rebel states to reject the Union, that more than one-half the residents of Atlanta preferred to go North when Gen. Sherman proposed to remove them outside his lines; though they had their option to go either North or South, and were furnished with facilities to take them in either direction. We have not the least doubt that the people in the states of rebellion are unanimous in support of the Confederacy, just for the same reason that they were carried out of the Union, they cannot help it, for the presence of no one is tolerated in those states who expresses an opinion opposed to rebel rule.

DEATH OF THOMAS F. MARSHALL.—The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall died on the 3rd ult., at his residence, near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., aged about sixty-four years. He was considered in his time the greatest, and most brilliant of American orators. Many years ago he was a member of Congress. Few men surpassed him in varied learning and elegant literary acquirements. He possessed also the faculty of writing as well as speaking—a rare combination—and it was difficult to determine in which he more excelled.

25.—A famous swimming match recently took place in the British Channel, between Mr. Herrell, of the French navy, and Capt. Saunders, an Englishman. The course was five thousand miles at sea, with either a high-speed running. The Frenchman took the lead at first, and kept it up for a long time, but was ultimately passed by Capt. Saunders. The distance was accomplished by the winner in one hour and fifty-six minutes and twenty-eight seconds.

From the New York Cons., Advertiser, May 21st.

Mrs. Mervyn, of Fourth street, Hoboken, who has been sick with unconscious affection for three years, has now completely recovered to health by Dr. Baker & Tilden, of this city. The doctors give her an absolute alibi in the treatment of this disease, and now prescribe nothing but rest and exercise for the recovery. The cure has been completed by the skill and success of their practice. The 7th ult. she

consulted at their residence, 97 Broad street, Druggists.

SOLDIERS' SPECIAL NOTICE.—Do your duty to yourself and your families. FOLLOWY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT FOR WOUNDS, FEVER, BURSITIS, CROUPS, and PILES. They are a perfect safeguard. Full directions how to use them with every box. If the read of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pill or Ointment from the druggist in this place, let him write to me, 97 Walden Lane, Boston, and I will send him a box, and pay his postage. Many dealers will not buy my medicine on hand because they expect to make as much profit as on other persons' make.

25.—Fortunate Combination.—We are opposed to proprietary medicines and it is with some compunction that we see advertisements of them in our columns. Still we must confess that Brown's Tonic is safe, and useful, in certain conditions of the throat and heart, before speaking.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

MARRIAGES.

127.—Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Furness, D. Dr. CHARLES E. BURGESS of Boston, to LYDIA, daughter of Dr. J. H. Alday, Mrs. CHARLES H. TILTON of Troyton, N. J., to Miss CHARLES GROVER, of this city.

On the 5th of Sept., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. ROBERT GRAHAM, to Miss JANE T. SCOTT, of this city.

On the 5th of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. ALFRED LANE, to Miss ANNEA NELSON, both of this city.

On the 5th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Mass, D. Dr. AUGUSTUS METZGER, to Miss GEORGE COOK, both of this city.

On the 1st of Sept., by the Rev. A. Mansfield, Mr. HENRY STONE, to Miss MAGGIE WARRE, both of this city.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. Jas. H. KENNEDY, Mr. JOHN F. ABEL, to HARRIET SNYDER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

127.—Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

ALEXANDER H. FREEMAN, son of the late Rev. Jonathan Freeman, in his 23d year.

On the 5th instant, JAMES LEVY, in his 45th year.

On the 5th instant, BENJAMIN C. OSBORN, in his 63d year.

On the 5th instant, SAMUEL ARMSTRONG, aged 30 years.

On the 4th instant, JANE S. BROWN, in her 55th year.

On the 3d instant, THOMAS CAMPBELL, aged 39 years.

On the 3d instant, MR. JOHN JOHNSTON, in his 55th year.

On the 2d instant, JEROME H. YEAGER, in his 47th year.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE HUNN, M. D., A. A. Surgeon, in his 55th year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM LION, in his 72d year.

On the 1st instant, WILLIAM CROSS, in his 56th year.

ENTW & LANDOLL OFFER WHOLESALE
AND RETAIL.

Best show of MERCHANDISE in town.

Best show of CLOTHING in town.

Best show of SHAWLS in town.

Best show of CLOAKS in town.

Best show of WHISKERS in town.

Best show of FURNITURE in town.

Best show of CLOTHING in town.

Best show of CLOAKS in town.

Best show of WHISKERS in town.

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WHAT MEN SAY.

Sister Thompson.

"Having next to a gloomy business. Old Jagger, by whose name I stand for an hour, gazed blearily over stumps of the service. He made 413 strokes giving the length of his member; that's 413 grand." Quies pensive. He stopped to wet three times, wiped his face with his shirt-sleeve nine times, and wove twice at the hummocks. These facts I took down to report to the "Gentry Statistical Association," which preserves of such things in its archives. I always notice things that way, as I go along."

"The Report of the —— Railway says no when I read them. You 'need to do this and you 'need not' do that, and passengers are 'advised,' and 'informed,' and 'notified,' and 'instructed,' until I have concluded that the only place where a man can ride peacefully is in up of the cars. There are no passengers now."

"I laughed just now. A fellow came in who was built on the principle that length is what more demands more than breadth. The car being full, he had to stand up, and propped himself by the shock-rope. He pulled it so hard that the car stopped. He rushed to the door to leave the car. Started again. Like rats, back & forth when the conductor found it out."

"Confound that old lady before me. I had a hand with her to keep her from opening the window. She watched me, and the moment I went to sleep had it raised to the roof. What a scold! Could only revenge myself as I was leaving the car, by accidentally dropping my carpetbag out of the rock on her head. Took a sound."

"Sleeping-mother. Keeps one eye on her sleeping child, the other on the beauties of Nature as we pass along."

"I was examining just now upon the glories and abundances of the harvest, and pointed to one immense field, golden with wheat sheaves, when that rascal Briggs damaged my spirits by suggesting, 'Yes, a heap of good eating in that place.' No remorse in Briggs."

"Child on the next seat so elaborately curled, should have to see it uncurled to know the sex. Confound the woman who will curl her boy's hair. What does she think he will come to?"

"Good expression! His heart's as big as a boulder. Much better than the obsolete form, 'big a piece of chalk.'

"How indelicate to hang ladies' undergarments on clothes-lines in public. I always turn my eyes away, but not till I have critically examined them. They are highly objectionable, and I wonder it is allowed."

"Singular!" says Briggs. "There's a man who weighs two hundred, and his wife not much less; yet their baby will hardly pull down five pounds!" Briggs wants me to explain it, but I tell him I can't."

"Did you ever observe there's no animal will notice a railroad train passing by except a horse? The cow, hog and goose pay you no more attention than a boy in a lawyer's office."

"You can tell when an experienced traveler enters the car. He chooses the side opposite the sun. Greenhorns don't."

"Why does that young woman dress it necessary, when she smiles, to show off the condition of her gums? I could study dentistry in one hour's conversation with her. Should only have to tell her 26 good jokes, and I could then model every tooth in her head."

"I told Briggs yesterday, good. He asked me if I had anything new. I told him yes—a new pair of drawers. Took him down beautiful. He is always making merchandises of me when he can, but I disposed of him cheap that time."

A Romance for Young Ladies.

To those romantic misses who turn a deaf ear to the counsels of their sibyls, preferring rather to tempt the hardships of love in a cottage than to have a suitable husband selected for them, there is an awful warning in the following story of

WEALTHY MATILDY; OR, THE FATHER'S KISS.

CHAPTER I.

matildy was wealthy, she was an only daughter, her father rolled in his kerridge, and soled shoes for a living, att hoseless. he lived on the bak ba, neve bockon stree, like this sity of boating, & his mete bil was tremonjuice!

CHAPTER II.

jakkob jinkersus loved matildy! aforseen, jakk was poor! i'm fackt, heo was so poore heo keodest stan a draught for three hundred thousand more! heo head know dooh! i know spone, knot much! matildy loved jakk hornmudderlike! "fatch is life!"

CHAPTER III.

Matildy's father sed shod shoud marry fiz-kersus simpdousa. how hard! as shee diagnostic hymn ostentatiously, shee keodest solly-rait hymn blae has skitiously skwinted! that's see.

CHAPTER IV.

Things r gitting hornmudderlike twisted up.

CHAPTER V.

jakk cleaped with matildy! the was marriid! matildy & her husband wretrurned 2 hestling, the baged matildy's father 2 forgoe & furgit! heo redewered! heo will never forget!

eye just past 2 peacer felles, the was very see day! it was matildy & matildy's husband! the was lookis for work, she didn't find it. matildy mit hayre, morid stinkusus stupend! i am how livid has a pollicell stil, and also mit her perceved these y'd world! "fatch is life."

A GOOD ANSWER.—At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to his guests:

"What is that which did not come last year, has not come this year, and will not come next year?"

A distressed officer, starting up, said:

"It certainly must be our arrears of pay."

The King was so diverted that he commanded men to be paid up and his pay increased.

ROGER OUT OF HIS HEAD.—An old Dutch hyphenation was complaining to a neighbor; said he, "I have a pig pain in mine stock (stomach), and sometimes I give water and sometimes I give worter, and the day I should give right out on mine hand."



BOY.—"Please, sir, tell me the time?"

CROWDER ONE GLOOM.—"Yes, sir,—what time?"

KNIGHTS BATTLED.

A Dutchman and his intended appeared before a newly installed Dutch square to be married. Shaking their joint hands the squire began:

"Hans, doth you love this woman so mooth as you can?"

"Yow," replied Hans.

"Katerine, doth you love Hans so mooth as you can?"

"No," promptly replied Katerine.

"Reek you him stiff to marry him?"

"Yow," replied Katerine.

"Vell, den, I broumous you man and woman."

Hans asked the charge.

"Oh! noting, noting," replied the squire, "if you ish satisfied I iss too."

FASHION IN 1764. THE SEDAN CHAIR.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

The use of wheel-carriages in towns is not of very ancient date among the English people. Three centuries ago carriages were but few, and were mostly owned by sovereigns or by court favorites, who made but scant use of them, exhibiting them rarely but in state processions or on visits of ceremony. The state of the roads and street-ways, where the ruts often lay half a yard deep, did not admit of rapid driving. We read, even in the days of Charles I., of the royal coach being upon twice in getting from the city to Westminster. At this date, and for some generations later, the custom was, when ladies traversed the city in carriages, for the gentlemen gallants to accompany them on horseback, riding in advance or on either side; these forming a body-guard, not at all unnecessary or superfluous, looking to the swarms of "sorcerers," and knights of the road, and "mohawks," who made free warren of London streets, and scrupled at no act of violence.

The first hireable vehicles in London were the hackney coaches, so called, not from the village of Hackney, as commonly supposed, but from the old word *to hale*, or *let on hire*. The first hackney coaches were stout-built vehicles fitted for the rough roads of the time; they made their appearance originally in 1625, and were kept at certain houses, whence they had to be sent for when wanted. Ten years later, one Capt. Bayley brought his coaches into the streets, put his men in livery, and stationed them at the "Maypole," in the Strand, whence they carried passengers to all parts of the town at fixed rates. The captain's example was followed by others; and, in course of time, these street coaches were so numerous as to cumber the ways, to the manifest inconvenience of the public. On the ground of the public inconvenience, Sir Saunders Duncombe petitioned Charles I. for leave to bring into use the covered chairs known as sedans, which had been long in use on the Continent, where few street coaches were to be seen. The king consented to his request, and granted him a monopoly of the chairs for fourteen years. The hackney-men of course set their faces against this innovation; and it is on record that the battle of the coaches and chairs was fought with whips and cudgels, and a characteristic species of brawling, from year to year. There appears, however, to have been room enough for both, as both increased in number as the great city swelled in its proportions. The coaches, which numbered but fifty in 1627, had increased to seven hundred in 1664, and had got beyond a thousand in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The hackney coach and sedan chair both figure in the literature of the last century. Gay, in his "Travia," tells us how "in his box the nodding coachman snores, and dreams of fancied fare," and the romances and social sketches of the time are full of allusions to both species of conveyance. The coach was much in use for sight-seeing excursions in parties, and for long distances, while the sedan was only adapted for a single person—though occasionally it did carry a double fare—and seldom travelled very great distance. Ladies and gentlemen in full dress usually preferred the chair to the coach for more reasons than one: it was cleaner, and more private; it could penetrate to courts and paved entries which the coach could not approach; nay, it could be carried into the house to escape the gaze of the mob or the injuries of the weather. Sometimes an impudent gallant could go abroad in a chair when he would not venture in a coach for fear of the bullards who might be after him; though the chair was not always a secure retreat, as we learn from one of the pictures in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," where the spendthrift, on emerging from his sedan, is seized by the tipplers.

So far as the "loosening of the soil" means plowing in cultivation, it is an idea of the first importance. Digging and ploughing are not so much to make the soil loose, as they are to concentrate and separate the small particles of the soil from each other, so as to make as many distinct surfaces as possible; and this can best be accomplished by heavy pressure or trampling dry soil, then by any other way.

A Penny cartoon was published about the time of Washington, in which the operators in other

departments of government. The best of these are either dry soil for plowing, and then they are turned roots. The finer the fibres, surely the better and easier the digging in the soil; and pressure, but it is singular that there very soon who understand this best, seem to know it in their out-door operations.

Any a horticultural tree that would otherwise die, can be saved by having the soil around the base hard when dry. The finely powdered soil seems to have the power of absorbing moisture from the air; and in many other ways will the practice be found innocuous, beneficial.

There are innumerable instances where the error would be of far more benefit to the crop than the water-plot. We have no doubt many of these will readily occur to skillful agriculturists, and we are sure it is only necessary for us to refer to the master as we have done, to receive a response from them, that "it is quite correct, but we did not think of it."—*Journal*—Musical.

OUR SECRET FRUIT LIST.

We again present to our readers, as the time approaches for fall planting, a revised list of fruit trees, vines, &c., which we can recommend for general cultivation. One dozen varieties of peaches, and six apples, are all sufficient, provided they are the best adapted to the soil and locality—a fact which each one upon trial, must judge for himself. Frequently a peach, an apple, or a grape may do well for a few years and then deteriorate. In such cases it had better be disposed of by grafting it with more reliable varieties. We have changed our opinion regarding a number of fruits within the last half dozen years, and yet in some of the instances we are convinced the fault was in the location and not.

According to our present preference, we should select the following for our own planting, viz.—

STANDARD FRUIT.	
1. Early Catawba,	7. Belle Lorraine,
2. Julian,	8. Sheldon,
3. M's Elizabeth;	9. Flemish Beauty,
4. Tyson,	10. Beera d'Anjou,
5. Bartlett,	11. Lawrence,
6. Cooked,	12. Potts.

DWARF FRUIT.	
1. St. Michael,	4. Dial,
2. Bartlett,	5. Bonnekoek,
3. Connie,	6. Belle Lorraine.

APPLIES.	
1. Maiden's Blush,	4. Jeffries,
2. Baldwin,	5. Smith's older,
3. L. I. Russell,	6. Northern Spy.

PLUMES.	
1. Crawford's Early,	4. Oldmixon (free),
2. George IV,	5. Oldmixon (ding),
3. Morris White,	6. Bergen's Yellow.

CRAPERS.	
1. Comseed,	4. Block Kilo,
2. Manzaway,	5. Gammeter,
3. Delaware,	6. Belle Magnifique.

RASPBERRIES.	
1. Brinckie's Orange,	2. Catawian,
2. Hornet,	3. Hudson River.

STRAWBERRIES.	
1. Russell's Prolife,	2. Hovey's Seedling,
2. Triomphe de Gaud,	4. Albany Seedling.

CURRANTS.	
1. Black Naples,	2. Red Dutch.
2. Houghton's Seed'g,	3. Downing's Seed'g.

BLACKBERRIES.	
1. New Rochelle,	2. Rod Dutch.